

*The Historie of*

*Fals.* I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

*Prin.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that cal's not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*, The liberall kind offer of the King.

*Vern.* T'were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone, It is not possible, it can not be, The King would keepe his word in louing vs, He will suspect vs still, and find a time, To punish this offence in others faultes; Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes; For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp, Will haue a wilde trick of his ancestors: Looke how he can, or sad or merrily? Interpretation will misquote our lookes, And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall, The better cherisht, still the nearer death. My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood, And an adopted name of Priviledge, A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene, All his offences liue vpon my head, And on his Fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption benign tane from vs.

*We.*

*Henry the fourth.*

We as the spring of all, shal pay for all:

Therefore good Coosen, let not *Harry* know

In any case, the offer of the King.

*Enter Hotspur*

*Ver.* Deliuer what you wil, Ile say tis so. Here comes you coose

*Hot.* My Vncle is returnd,

Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmerland*:

Vncle, What newes?

*Wor.* The King will bid you Battell presently.

*Dowg.* Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

*Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

*Dowg.* Mary and shall, and very willingly.

*Exit Dowg.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grieuances, Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworne,

He cal's vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge

With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

*Enter Dowg.*

*Dowg.* Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne

A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;

And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which can not chuse but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The *Prince of Wales* stept forth before the King,

And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee,

How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule, I neuer in my life

Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,

Vlesse a Brother should a Brother dare

To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.

He gaue you all the duties of a man,

Trimd vp your prayes with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,

Making you euer better then his prayse,

By still dispraying prayse, valued with you:

And which became him like a Prince indeed.

*He.*